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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

FOG ON SHORE

Hillside and valley, island, sea and shore,
With misty clinging robes, for three full days,
The fog has swathed — those soft and lovely grays,
Whose monotones unchanged become a bore.
Its dank form drifting, creeping, evermore,
Past blotted ships at anchor in the bays,
Through dripping village street and forest ways,
Has filled our souls till they are gray and sore.

But lo! the sun breaks on the sea and land,
And swift the scattered hosts of fog disband,
As Earth with glint of blue and gold was thrilled.
So be it with our hearts that grief has chilled.
Let hope eternal drive the mists away,
And be the sunrise of a nobler day!

—*ERWIN F. SMITH*

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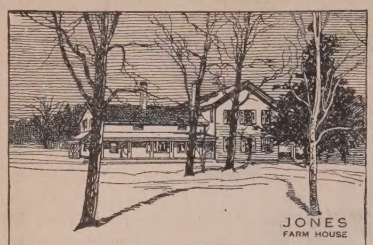

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1916. NUMBER 19

FULFILMENT.

We go forth to the labor of the day
Serene and thoughtful. No one to gainsay
The right to live, to hope, to climb the height,
To pluck the fruit, to which the eager sight
Is turned. We are so free, so free,
We clasp the hand of all mankind, as we
Join in the ranks of human brotherhood,
A part of the great whole, the Eternal good!

BENEDICTION.

Thou God shalt make of prophecy and prayer,
Fulfilment. Knowing this, we dare
To suffer and be strong; to keep the path.
We would not fill the vials of thy wrath.
Be with us then, as we full-throated sing
Our song of faith, and may the Heavens ring,
And Freedom open wide her blessed gates.
Within, fair Justice waits!

—ROSA HAZARD HAZEL.

Bulletin No. 26 of *Current Items of Interest* has in it much that is informing regarding birds. Our readers will be glad to note that the bird world is not suffering from the ravages of war. One item says:

Such reports as have been received thus far indicate that the war will have comparatively little effect on birds. A few storks, owls, swallows and other birds that nest about buildings, having found the accustomed home destroyed, have sought other quarters; and game birds in France have displayed an unwonted tameness, owing to omission of the usual hunting; but a vast majority of wild birds have followed their ordinary habits, regardless of changed conditions. Woods daily riddled with bullets resound with the songs of nightingales, thrushes and blackbirds; after fierce night engagements in which artillery and infantry have taken heavy toll of human life, at dawn the usual peaceful chorus has been heard floating over the corpse-strewn battlefield; pheasants and partridges have been seen strutting unconcernedly about an orchard situated directly between the opposing lines and often swept by rifle and artillery fire; and the song of a soaring skylark has been heard in a moment's cessation of the thunder of cannonading. As fearful as the war seems to us, to the birds it brings no greater cause for anxiety and terror than the constant war they endure at the hands of man in our times of peace. Rather have they shown less fear than ordinarily, nesting in trenches among the soldiers and even feeding from the hands of their late enemies.

In another note we read of the birds doing sentinel duty:

Many instances have been reported of birds giving warning of the approach of Zeppelins or aeroplanes; soldiers have been awakened and informed of a coming attack of poisonous gas by the noise of birds which have detected the fumes; and once, in the North Sea, the presence of a submarine was disclosed by the clustering of gulls around the periscope. Parrots have displayed special susceptibility, showing great excitement and screaming loudly before the attacking aeroplanes were discernible by human vision, and a number of these birds are said to have been placed on the Eiffel Tower in Paris to ascertain how useful they may be in announcing the approach of hostile aircraft.

We are told in the latest bulletin received from the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor at Washington, that if properly observed "Child Labor Day," January 23, will result in 150,000 children being saved from wrong conditions of labor. The bulletin explains this by stating that:

If the Keating-Owen federal child labor bill, now before Congress, becomes a law, over 150,000 children will be affected—over 27,000 between 10 and 14 now at work in mills, factories, canneries and workshops; over 17,000 between 10 and 16 at work in mines and quarries; and over 116,000 between 10 and 16 at work too long hours or at night in mills, factories, canneries or workshops. And the Keating-Owen bill is likely to pass if enough people in this country recognize Child Labor Day by writing their Senators and Representatives at that time urging them to vote for the bill.

We are also informed that "1916 is Baby Year," and

The facts about American babies, the needs of American babies, and America's responsibility to her babies will this year be known as never before, because the first week in March will be Baby Week throughout the country.

More than 400 communities representing every State in the Union are already laying their plans, in order that during those seven days the needs of the babies may be so presented that all the parents in those communities will learn a little better how to care for their babies, and all the citizens will realize that they have a special obligation to safeguard the conditions surrounding babies. It is confidently believed by those who are interested in this nation-wide Baby Week that the remainder of the year will be marked by a strengthening of all community activities for saving babies' lives and giving them a better chance to grow to a healthy maturity.

The election of Major Robert Russa Moton as principal of Tuskegee will meet the warm approval of all who knew his lamented predecessor, Dr. Booker T. Washington, and were familiar with his work. Such a choice is the very best that could have been made. Major Moton is almost ideally fitted for the place in training, friendship with the distinguished dead, and personal fitness; he will take up the work of Tuskegee and carry it forward on broadening lines to still further success and distinction. Major Moton has long been connected with Hampton Institute, as pupil, teacher and commandant, Hampton being a military school under the patronage of the federal government. He bears with him the best wishes and confident trust and expectation of hosts of friends of both races, North and South. C. P. W.

Several recent editorials appearing in the daily press anent the Ford Expedition, as well as those in periodicals read by the more thoughtful, remind us that it is a long lane that has no turning.

Editorial Correspondence

On Board the Good Ship Oscar II.

No ship ever set sail with a heartier God-speed than did the Ford Peace Ship, leaving its anchorage in the Hudson River on the 4th of December. A conservative estimate puts the crowd that gathered to say "Goodbye" at 5,000. The time of sailing was postponed two hours in order to accommodate the rush of delegates who were waiting for their passports. Even then a dozen or more who were equipped for the voyage were left regretfully behind to take a ship four days later, the Frederick VIII. Notwithstanding the delay the crowd dallied and continued their good cheers. Among those who came to say "Goodbye" were John Burroughs, Thomas Edison, William Jennings Bryan and many other prominent men and women known throughout the country.

When at last the boat left its anchorage the scene was one never to be forgotten by those present. The waves of handkerchiefs, roaring cheers and the radiant upturned faces will ever be before our eyes. The last greeting that reached your correspondent was the silvery voice from a little girl of beatific look which rose above the tumult into a celestial soprano, "Don't forget what you are going for!" It was a warning which sometimes seemed to be timely when in the heat of discussion and a tangle of would-be "technicalities" and "practicalities" the main issue for the time being seemed to be obscured. This "main issue" was, and is and always will be, that war is a survival of the brute in men to be eliminated, and that the time has come when the elimination should be begun, at least on the part of those who think they have escaped the mad vortex of war delirium.

The passengers on board the good ship "Oscar II" fall naturally into three groups. The first, the most important, but by far the least aggressive and active, are the invited delegates proper, of which in the final published list are sixty with some dozen or more to come later. These men and women were selected by virtue of their previous activities or known sympathies not only with the peace movement, but with Mme. Schwimmer's and Henry Ford's plan for immediate action and continuous mediation on the part of neutral powers, looking toward the reduction and not the increase of armaments among the Neutrals as well as among the Belligerents. This group might be called the "veterans," to whom peace spells the right of all classes and progress on all lines, who recognize that war is the legitimate result of all the vices, the logical climax of greed expressed in an unilluminated commercialism and the passions engendered thereby.

The student group, of which, in the final list, there are twenty-five aboard, is of course, the life of the boat. From the start they were alert, inquisitive, eager for debate, zealous in discussion and ready to settle any and all of the questions that perplex the life of today. They promptly organized and arranged a strenuous program which held them almost in continuous discussion, generally in possession of the most available times and places. The representative quality of this group is in itself an inspiring fact to the thoughtful. Here are represented all the State Universities of Iowa, Wisconsin, California, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Indiana, Kansas, Ohio, Texas, and of New York City, Vassar, Johns Hopkins, Drake University of Des Moines, Barnard, Williams, Purdue, Columbia, Wellesley, Princeton, Tulaine, Dartmouth and the Bureau of Muncipal Research of New York City.

The third group is the press people, of which fifty-four are enrolled, but eleven of these are included among the invited delegates. The bond between this group and the delegates and the main purpose of the ship, is journalistic rather than sympathetic. So far as they represented their employers, clearly they came with a newspaper itching for "good stories." They are hard on the scent of "sensations," their pencils are sharpened for satire, no matter who may fall victim. It is but just to say that many who came to scoff remained to pray. They have grown serious as the days multiply. With the characteristic attitude of journalists this group is not backward in coming forward and were quite willing to help shape the policy and direct the actions they were meant to report. At any given time it might be a question as to whether the dog wagged the tail or the tail wagged the dog. And it might be a further question as to which was the tail and which was the dog.

As soon as the company found its sea legs, the line of age and profession grew more and more indistinct, and the great questions of the day, the larger movements making for reform and progress were focused in the intensity and earnestness of a company that came to feel more and more the seriousness of their undertaking.

In addition to this group there is the Peace Committee Staff of Workers, eleven in number, four of whom are also among the delegates. A business staff of thirty-two includes several members of the other groups, and a Publicity Film Department.

As I write the first letter to UNITY we are skirting the coast of Norway with the picturesque snow-covered mountains in view. It is suggested that we are hugging the shore so as to be within the three-mile neutral ground, under the protection of the Norwegian flag. For four days we were held willing prisoners of war in the quaint harbor of Kirkwall, at the jumping off place of Scotland, while we were "investigated" and "reported" to the department at London. We

were released just as the Frederick VIII with our fellow delegates was coming into the harbor.

An indignity to the head as well as the heart of Santa Claus was the removal of seven hundred sacks of parcel post material from our ship, to be leisurely inspected by the grim representatives of war, lest perchance there might be found in Santa Claus' pack some contraband articles—perhaps a stray rubber doll or a bronze jumping-jack that might give aid and comfort to an enemy. The little Scandinavian boys and girls will miss their gifts from America. Defeat and disappointment will confront "Auntie Katrina" and "Uncle Eric" in Minnesota and North Dakota, who saved their dimes that little nephews and nieces in the home country might be gladdened and fastened more securely by love's ties with those in the new world.

I must not omit to say that notwithstanding the stiff head winds and sometimes lusty swells, the weather has been delightful, and the Editor of UNITY has not missed a meal, while the Assistant Editor has come in second best, but long ere this writing has forgotten her ills and rejoices in sea, land and the truly interesting people aboard. Tomorrow, Sunday the 19th, we are to be allowed to go ashore, and a hearty welcome at the first capital, Christiana, is promised. Meanwhile the deck is too attractive for further writing, even to the beloved friends of UNITY. More anon.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

On Board the Danish S. S. Oscar II.
December 17, 1915.

PEACE IN WAR TIME.

It may be on a quiet mountain top,
Or some shy valley folded in the hills
You take your path, and often you will stop
To hear the quiet music of the rills,
The piping of the winds in branches green,
The murmuring of widely lifted spray
As the long boughs swing,
And hear the twittering
Of drowsy birds as the great sun is seen
Climbing the steep horizon to the day.

The lovely moon trailing her silver dress
By quiet waters, each living star
Moving apart in holy quietness,
Sphere over golden sphere drifting afar,
These you can see, and the unquiet zone
Rolling in snow along the edge of sight.
The world is very fair, and I am free
To see its beauty, and to be
In solitude, and quite forget, and quite
Lose out of memory all I have known
Of everything but this,
And have some peace at last,
And have some peace.

—*James Stephens.*

THE PULPIT

HEAVEN.

Sermon Preached Sunday Morning, January 2, 1915, at Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Lewis B. Fisher, Dean of Ryder Divinity School, University of Chicago.

Prayer.

Lord God our Heavenly Father; Thou speakest to us with many voices; in the storm, within the darkness, in the cold, we still hear Thee. We know that back of these lies the eternal sunshine that lights all with beauty. We bless Thee this morning, that again we see proof and demonstration back of all the storms that the sun is shining. We rest in this light and in this beauty, knowing that these things come from Thee, thanking Thee that they are in the darkness as well as in the light. We pray Thee, Father, that they rest consciously with us in this place at this hour. They are with us in every place. It is sometimes a little easier for us to be conscious of them when we have around us the traditions and the associations, the hallowed memories of beautiful lives, beautiful years.

We speak to Thee. We know not why Thou dost want us to speak to Thee, but Thou dost ask us to, for Thine own glory somehow does not seem complete until Thy children know and love Thee. We come to Thee. Thou art not weary with our asking; Thou dost speak to us, Thou dost ask us to knock and it shall be opened, to seek and we shall find. We come, not asking Thee to change Thy ways with us for we do not want that, but that our ways may be filled with the consciousness of all this beautiful life.

We pray for Thy church this morning—of every creed, of every sect, wherever human hearts turn to Thee, O God; we pray that they may find Thee.

We ask Thy blessing to be upon this church and this work that is done here. We send the thought of prayer this morning across the seas to the beloved pastor of this church, the leader of this work. God bless him. We pray for the success of the great cause for which he gives his life. He may not see it come to success, we may not, but sometime, somewhere, all that we dream of shall be true. So let us hold our dream, do our work, see our visions and love the things of the deathless spirit, believing that however it may seem, no good thing shall fail and no evil thing succeed. Help all of us to stand by the best good that we see, let us love the best truth that we know, let us cherish the best vision that we have, that we may walk with Thee and increase in life and power.

Comfort us, our Father. There are those of us who come into this place perhaps with sad memories, perhaps with heavy hearts, because of loved ones that we have lost from our earthly view. Comfort us. Bless us with a consciousness of Thy heavenly world and with a vision of those eternal, spiritual things that do not pass.

Hear our prayer. Send us into this great world to represent Thee, to speak Thy truth, to love Thy children, to love and serve our fellow men. In the name and in the spirit of Jesus Christ would we speak our prayer and live our lives to Thee. Amen.

SERMON.

Our Father who art in Heaven.
Thy Kingdom come.
Thy will be done, as in Heaven, so on earth.
—*The Lord's Prayer.*

It seems to me a long time since I have heard a sermon on heaven. Not so many years ago I heard or read many sermons on that subject. In those days, not so remote as to be forgotten by some in this presence, the universe, at least for theological purposes, was, like Cæsar's Gaul, divided into three parts. These parts were earth, heaven and hell. The last of these places was preached about very often, the next to the last quite often, the first place almost never. The general supposition seemed to be that this earth was

simply a lost wreck, a temporary vale of tears, in which the human race was delayed a brief time, on its way to the other two places. This world was regarded as hopeless, near its destruction, and so it was not worth while to preach much about it. For some reason we appear to have reversed this order in our day. We preach today about hell never, about heaven hardly ever, and about earth all the time. I can only approve of this change. I expect that it is entirely true that while we live in this world our main interest and business will be with this world. As to present opinion about this threefold theological division of the universe, it is not easy to state definitely what it is. A part of this human race follows Mrs. Eddy in declaring that there is no such thing as this world, that it is simply an illusion of mortal mind. Another part is quite as confident that this world is the only world that really is. Another part stays by Billy Sunday and stoutly maintains the old-fashioned threefold division of the old time religion, which they vociferously declare to be good enough for them. Another part of this race of ours says, "We do not know." Another part says, "We do not care." A few of us, flattering ourselves that we are really the wise and cultured ones, express our minds in Omar's lines:

> I sent my soul through the invisible,
> Some letter of that after life to spell:
> And by and by my soul returned to me,
> And answered, "I myself am heaven and hell."

The truth in this quatrain is impressive, but it is too entirely from the standpoint of the individual to express the whole truth.

I am lifted into some heavens and dragged into some hells by forces entirely beyond my power to choose or control. Not "I myself," but this universe, and this human race with which I am bound up, is heaven or hell. If Sherman's famous aphorism is true, and no one knows better than he that it is true, and war is hell, then some millions of our human family are in hell today in spite of themselves. "I myself" am not that hell. I did not make it nor choose it. I am caught in it in spite of my utmost protest. Wise men find heaven and hell not always in the separate individual of which Omar sang, but in this human society. I hope and believe that our friend Mr. Powell is right in that great title he chose for his book, "Our Heredity from God." But somehow under that heredity we have another one very immediate and pressing. We have sprung from clod and stone, and beast and savage, and moral inertia and gravitation are forever pulling us back to these primal sources. When the race yields to that pull,—hell begins. But it is also true that God and his good angels call to us, and when the race answers that call,—heaven begins. "I myself" may be heaven and hell as Omar sees it, but human society and the world of nature are also real forces to be reckoned with.

This New Year's first Sunday I know I ought to talk to you about this world and what has been done on it this past year. The fixed custom is for the preacher to take account of the social and theological stock, so to speak, at this time.

But why do that here? Every paper in Chicago has done it and we can all read. I sometimes agree with Emerson when an excited enthusiast hurried breathlessly to him to tell him that the world was surely coming to an end at noon that very day. The imperturbable philosopher reflected a moment and replied: "Let it end. I can get on very well without it." The poet may not have been entirely mistaken who thought "The world is too much with us."

Let us for this hour think about heaven, and let us confine ourselves to the thought of heaven as we find it in the Bible. Let us pass by, just now, what the poets, the writers, the musicians, the artists, the scientists have said about heaven, and keep to the Bible. I do not forget how very interesting and helpful all these are, but we cannot cover everything in one sermon, you modern hearers are so impatient. I have no idea of attempting any scholarly treatment of the Bible doctrine of heaven. I simply remind you of the impressions one may get by glancing through this Hebrew literature at one sitting. I think that the men and women who made our Bible had an idea of heaven that is practical and worth while. They had a striking genius for spiritual realities that gives their words authority. I do not insist on miraculous final authority. I trust and hope that there is no final authority this side of God. I mean the same kind of authority that a painter has in art, a musician in music, or an expert in any field has in that field. The Bible makers know about heaven because they lived in it. What they saw there is not proved by picking out isolated proof texts. To know the Bible doctrine of heaven, or of anything else, one must read a great deal in the whole literature and let it have its way freely in his soul. It is entirely useless to attempt to make every reference to heaven that the Bible makes consistent with every other reference in the Book. Our Bible is a great literature. In it are many minds, in many ages, dealing freely with the same great subjects. If each writer knows all that other writers have said, which he does not, he makes no effort to make his words consistent with what the others said. Each one just tells how heaven looks to him, in the mood he is in at the time he writes. He does not even attempt to make his own sayings consistent. This is the reason why the Bible is so interesting. A consistent book is never interesting. It does not grow any from cover to cover. Every great thing in the universe has innumerable sides and the Bible makers freely describe whichever of these aspects is uppermost in their minds as they write. Mr. Gradgrind did not write the Bible and Mr. Gradgrind will never know what it means, at least not while he remains Mr. Gradgrind.

1. The Bible begins by calling the sky heaven. It says that God created the heavens and the earth. The first thought of heaven was this inverted blue bowl over the flat earth. Hung in this dome for our light and warmth and joy are the sun, moon and stars. The great number of these lights accounts for the plural form, the heavens. In this oldest and most natural meaning of heaven still lies comfort for us. Who does not find his spirit calmed and restored, amid these earth noises, this world madness, this beast struggle, by lifting up his eyes to the ancient heavens? "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" "Before two things I stand in awe," declared the great philosopher," the moral law within me and the starry midnight heavens above me." This thought of heaven has been from the beginning, is now, and ever will be, a source of awe,

reverence and strength, for the children of men. This idea of the heavens as the calm and beautiful skies above us runs all through our Bible. It is a very precious thought.

2. Naturally this thought of heaven as the arching skies above us is the reason why the Bible always refers to heaven as "up." Men look *up* when they pray. We look *up* to God and heaven. All reverence and devotion is the upward look. No scientific demonstration that this is not the fact has prevented or is likely to prevent the common people from thinking of heaven, as John Fiske says he always did as a child, as directly overhead in our zenith. As no science has ever made us stop saying that the sun rises and sets, so it is not likely to make us stop saying that heaven is up.

3. In accord with these ideas of heaven as the skies above us, follows the idea, through all the Bible, that heaven is the home of God. Up there is his throne, there his dwelling place.

When we pray we are to say, Our Father who art in Heaven. Along toward the middle of the Bible you begin to find the idea that God does not live alone in this heaven. He is surrounded by hosts of angels. We have the names of the leading angels. The angelic hosts are God's errand-doers in all his realms, they ever surround his throne and sing his praises. About the time we begin to hear of the angels, we also begin to find the idea that when people die their souls go up to heaven. The Old Testament usually speaks of the souls of men as passing at death into sheol, the grave, or the underworld. True you find it said that Enoch and Elijah were caught up alive into heaven, but that was not the usual experience. Steadily the idea evolves until in parts of our New Testament it becomes clear that the souls of the good pass to heaven when they die. Jesus came down from heaven and after his resurrection went back into heaven, and sits there at the right hand of God. He said heaven was a place,—"I go to prepare a place for you." "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." So the idea that God and Christ, and the angels and the spirits of the good live up in heaven runs through the Bible. Still do people round the open grave discuss the question as to whether the departed has gone to heaven. In some cases they are sure that it has, in some doubtful, but in these days rather hopeful of all, or at least silent if hope is difficult. Concerning the real bad ones, they seem to disappear. No polite minister says anything as to their fate, and no one ever saw a grave stone erected over the tomb of a bad man. On all reputable grave stones it is said that the spirit that was in that body has gone to heaven. Where the bad are buried it is impossible to discover. The persistence of these apparently crude material notions is very strange. Modern science seems to have not the slightest effect on them.

People are not moved by reason but by feelings and imaginations. Possibly the human feeling and imagination is just as good authority on this matter of heaven as the guess of the coldest exact reason.

4. Further progress is made in the Bible by steadily spiritualizing all these material figures of heaven. The Bible does not drop these material figures. It is a real book talking to real folks here in the flesh, and while we are in the flesh we must have, at least as a solid basis of all our thinking, actual material symbols. But the Bible spiritualizes the symbols. They began to see very early that God was not confined to a heaven in the sky. The heaven of heavens cannot contain God. He was often down here. He walked and talked with Adam and Eve in the Garden in the cool of the day. Sure he did, sure he does yet for every son and daughter of Adam and Eve. If I take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the universe, God is there. If I make my bed in hell he is there.

God is Spirit. Spirit is the reality in every material thing. The Bible always talks of heaven as *up*, but gradually we come to know that *up* is everywhere. From a stationary world *up* is always one place. But on this little whirling sphere, with at least three constant motions, a needle fixed to point up, will in the space of a few hours point to every part of the universe. So the God that is *up* is everywhere, and the heaven that is *up* is also everywhere. "Up" comes to mean spiritual superiority rather than mechanical direction in space. We look up to everything that is brave, beautiful, admirable. From the surveyor's point of view such things may be down, but from the point of view of the soul they are always up. Heaven comes to have the added meaning of the upward glance of the soul,—its hopes, aspirations and desires. The sundering spaces between heaven and earth are gradually bridged, and the two brought nearer. They come to mix and blend. The hard and fast lines between the worlds, as theology staked them out, disappear. Jesus began to teach us of a Kingdom of Heaven. In some moods he seems to have thought of it as coming down out of the sky in a sudden blaze of glory like the lightning, and solemnly warned us to watch for it. May be it is coming that way in Europe now. In other moods he told us that the Heavenly Kingdom was within us, in us, among us, at our hand. That it was like leaven, a priceless pearl, a seed, a blade of corn, he knew. He told us to pray, "Thy Kingdom come." Heaven and earth are friendly, God and the soul are neighbors. Let His will be done here as in Heaven. He declares that he came down from heaven and would go back to heaven, then he declared that he was with us always even unto the end.

These words are not contradictory. He was in heaven, he was here. He did not have to change locality to be in both places. If Jesus declared that he was on the right hand of God, he also declared that every one who fed, clothed, visited, loved, a human soul, loved him and was his right hand man. You don't have to move out of even Chicago to sit at God's right hand. There are men and women right here among us who sit there, and live there, and work there. It is the only place in town free from smoke and dust and not over crowded. The New Testament often speaks of men who are, not shall be, but are risen with Christ, and sitting with him in heavenly places. The writer of Hebrews is sure that heaven is all right around us, like a cloud of witnesses, as we struggle and strive, or weakly surrender, in this dusty arena. They cannot watch us indifferently. They must care what we do or fail to do. The tabernacle of God, that is the tent, the house, is with men and he will dwell with them, and be their God, and as we become aware of that fact, we get joy and power, sweet foretastes of heaven all along our way. The steady careful reader of the Bible will be constantly

amazed and delighted with the way the great Book brings heaven near to his soul.

5. Popular theology has made heaven one inclosed space, and has given it a certain deadly monotony of occupation. The idea of the Bible, however, seems to be a series of heavens, probably seven in number, each surpassing in glory those below. Jesus knew that there were many mansions in his Father's House. Paul was once caught up into the third heaven, into paradise, and heard things so wonderful that he knew not whether he was in the flesh or out of it. The words "Heaven of Heavens" and "All the Heavens" and "In the heavenly places," imply grades of spiritual attainment, as if heaven was like a graded school. Jesus passed through the heavens, we are told, which sounds like graduation.

This sounds so like the facts of the spiritual world as we know them, and as we note the differences of spiritual attainment among men, that we gladly recognize it as truth.

6. The common opinion is that only the good enter heaven. This is indeed asserted of the highest heavens such as John saw in his vision of the city. No liar or any sinful soul could enter that beautiful city. Liars go to the lake of fire and brimstone, the second death. Of course that is true. We have all of us tried it more or less and we are painfully convinced that the description is true. The mistake has been made, however, of supposing that this hell was outside the realms of God.

It was not his and not under his jurisdiction. But the hell of fire, whatever it may stand for, is one of God's lowest heavens. If you insist on going there you will find him there. It is his hospital, his surgery, his refiner's fire. It is where God extracts the gems from the sewerage of the moral universe, separates the wheat from the chaff, the tares from the good grain. Hell is where God finds the silver spoons in the garbage. Every spirit passes into the world of spirits into some grade of heaven. Each one to his own place we are told. Paul declared that he expected to fight against spiritual wickedness in heavenly places. This goes to prove, what we naturally expect, that the mere accident of physical death does not itself change this human nature of ours. The Bible repeatedly declares that every knee in heaven shall bow to Jesus as if some were there who had not yet done that. The Book seems to teach that men enter the world as they leave this. Some are lost and gravitate to the lowest heavens. Jesus seeks and saves the lost, and all his disciples help him. As soon as a man becomes a real disciple of Jesus it becomes his occupation to seek and save the lost. It will continue to be his occupation as long as any soul, in any of the heavens, is lost.

7. The Bible teaches that there shall be a new heaven and a new earth. Endless progress is the law. Ever the old passes. Ever the new comes. The new heaven is like a beautiful city with four sides. This heavenly city has twelve gates, three on each side, and wherever there is a gate there must be a road leading to it. So wherever you and I go there is a road leading from us to the heavenly city, inviting us to enter. And the gates shall never close.

These are glimpses of the Bible idea of heaven. First the sky up where God and angels live. Then these material terms are spiritualized, until heaven becomes to us the spiritual world, lying all around and within us, in which we really do our living. But for many this is vague. The spiritual world seems to some farther away than did the heaven up in the sky. "The spirtual world,"—"the spiritual life,"—are terms that many fail to interpret.

The spirit world,—what is it and where? It is the spirit of normal healthy and happy childhood. How quickly we recognize that. How it breaks our hearts to see the little children so dreadfully born and environed that all the beautiful spirit of childhood is crushed out of them. The spiritual world is the spirit of youth, which makes him love truth and honor, and playing the game square.

We cry when the spirit of youth is dead, and the beast is on top. The spirit world is the spirit of maidenhood. We know it everywhere and love it. The girl without that spirit makes us infinitely sad. The spirit world is the spirit of noble manhood and womanhood, the spirit of the true home, the spirit of the true marriage, where purity, love, service, kindliness, justice prevail.

It is the spirit of old age when old age follows a fine life. All the beautiful, the true, the good, all the justice, dignity and glory of human life are not in its material forms but in its spirit.

To cultivate and love these is the spiritual life. This is the spiritual world, the heavenly world. It is all around us. It is here among us. It is within us. It is everywhere. It is where those we call dead are. It is also where we the living are.

Am I an idle dreamer wasting your hour with vain speculations this morning? I am sure that our business is with this world while we are in it. But I want to discern the real world. He who only knows the outer, material, mechanical, impersonal world, does not know this real world, and so cannot help it. At heart this world is personal, spiritual. Its material aspects are superficial and temporary, its spiritual aspects are eternal. I do not ignore this world,—I want to find it and know it. Earth, heaven and hell, if you please. But these three worlds are one. They mix and blend and interpenetrate. We may stay in the same place and yet live in all three of these worlds. Sometimes we live in one, sometimes another. We all take our turns in each world. We may be in one world, our brothers and sisters in another, and yet we be side by side. We must find each other, know each other, help each other. No good spirit, be it God, or Christ, or man, will ever be complete and happy until every spirit comes through the gate open toward him, to live in the heavenly city. My best word this hour may indeed be a weak and foolish human word. But listen, brothers and sisters, for I have saved the best thing the Bible says about heaven until the very last this morning. It is this: "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." "For now we see in a riddle, darkly, but then face to face: Now I know in part, but then shall I know fully, even as also I was fully known."

Toward every kind of national efficiency discipline is good, and co-operation is good; but for the highest efficiency both should be consented to in liberty.

Charles W. Eliot.

FELLOWSHIP AND KNOWLEDGE.

A "Lead" in Verse to Reports from the High School Conference at the University of Illinois.

—Though I drain of oil the midnight lamp
And master all of nature's secrets; Though
I come in very truth to think God's laws
With God, and have not fellowship, I am
Become but as the turning wheels by which
Planimeters record their facts from plans.

—Though I seek to know "for knowing's sake,"
Advance beyond what most can understand
And scorn the praise one brilliant in the lore
Half understood by men receives—press on
"As birds their trackless way"—discover signs
In thought itself which point to facts beyond
The utmost bounds the wise have set for truth,
And have not fellowship I nothing am.

—Though the path and fate of men before
Me as an open book may lie and I
Do life direct "as though no God there were;"
—Though I serve this way God's purpose well,
And have not fellowship, I profit not.

Our fellowship, by weal by woe, must serve
The needs of lives that grow in heart and brain.
By hope and fear is it inspired or checked.
Slow fruit of an increasing toil, it acts
By love and knowledge *not* serenely pure.

Our fellowship is love which though oppressed
Endures; "oft-failing, yet believing love;"
Love which sustains the heart by drawing out,
Inspiring common love from man for man.

Our fellowship is knowledge springing from
The heart to meet its fellow from the brain.
Such knowledge is three-quarters faith, at least;
A faith that when man is complete and all
Men know each item in the list of things
We call material, and matter's law,
Man then renews his "tendency to God."

Our fellowship is wisdom growing in
The race to use all things, all knowledge, as
A means by which to open out the path
To new and newer, rich and richer ways:
For man's communion with his fellow man
Brings power to direct activities
Whose cause is not alone in past events
But which draw force from conscious plans of men.

Our fellowship is faith that power comes
In largest measure when the purposes
Of man are likest God's and when the bond
Of fellowship is that of brotherhood.

School and Home Education. —*George A. Brown.*

THE CYCLE.

The flowery land I view, the bubbling spring,
And myriad Nature flourishing. [From the Chinese.]
Long days look life alike to men and kine,
The shadow hastes before the sun's decline.

Bloom flings its beauty on the fragrant air,
Love's fairest petals flourish everywhere.
The leaves of joy erewhile begin to fall,
Sweetness with zephyr lips begins to call.

Gloom looks on summer's early saddening eye,
And breathes forth autumn's early parting cry.
Then winter's frost which newly paves the ground,
Flings summer's leaves the forest world around.

The flakes of winter flee before the wind,
But longer evenings bless the waking mind.
The griefs of age forget life's erstwhile joy,
Spring may return,—but nevermore the boy.

New Salem, Mass. Perry Marshall.

At Dinner With the Doctors

Two of them were M. D.'s and two were D. D.'s. It was in the early spring of 1882. My traveling companion and myself were Evanston students. We had a week's vacation before us, and had come from the classical suburb of the North Shore to the big city to take a night train to St. Louis. "It's a long time till train time," said my companion, "so let's go and call on Dr. Ingalls." Through a brother who was a physician he had become acquainted with this Dr. Ingalls. I agreed, and we went. It was out west somewhere near Garfield Park. When ushered into the doctor's hospitable home we were unexpectedly confronted with some very distinguished guests he was entertaining that evening. To these we were introduced as follows: "Meet the Rev. Dr. Thomas, Mr. Bradford." "And the Rev. Dr. Collyer of New York." "Dr. Homer Thomas."

There were some other guests, among them a Mr. and Mrs. Coonley—Avery Coonley, I believe I learned later.

The dinner was superb, of course, and much relished in itself by boarding club students, but the doctors at the dinner were the chief charm of the occasion for me, particularly the two doctors of divinity and their M. D. host. What little I had previously known of these two distinguished clergymen was not calculated to commend them very favorably in my then rather ultra orthodox eyes, for they had both gone out of my denomination branded as "heretics," Dr. Thomas but a little time before that. But their conversation charmed me from the first, much of which I remember to this day. Dr. Thomas was then pastor of the Independent Church which then worshipped in Hooley's Theater, later in McVicker's.

Dr. Collyer was back in Chicago, whence he had gone to a New York Unitarian pastorate some three or four years previous. I do not know the special occasion of his visit, but he was being warmly greeted and entertained by several of his former Chicago parishioners. I think he had just arrived from the East that evening, for he was telling with a good deal of pride and pleasure about stopping and having a boy polish his boots, when a policeman recognized him and paid the boy for the shine.

And he heard with much interest and gratification a statement from one of the lady guests that of all the young men he had brought into his Chicago church, not one had "gone to the bad." He won my warm regard by one particular remark about the denomination in which he was reared and started in the ministry, the same for whose ministry I was then studying at Evanston. I am not sure, but think the remark was occasioned by something said in the discussion of the Rev. George C. Milne, who had but recently left the pulpit for the stage. He or some other minister who had left his church had been saying very uncomplimentary things about the church he had left, and this was Dr. Collyer's comment:

"I have always had an unspeakable contempt for a boy who, after he had been tenderly reared and cared for by a devoted mother, goes out and disgraces that mother, and then in addition goes back and slaps her in the face. I shall always cherish a very tender regard for my dear old mother Methodism."

Dr. Thomas, in this conversation regarding this ex-

Rev. Mr. Milne, had characteristically called him "Brother Milne." Then Dr. Ingalls belabored him: "In my profession if a man goes out and disgraces the profession we don't call him brother."

Another remark of Dr. Collyer's on that to me memorable evening I have often quoted: "If the word should go out tomorrow morning that next Sunday would be the last on which church services would be held in Chicago, that after that day the people would close all the church houses in the city, and no longer meet to worship nor send their children to Sunday School—Chicago real estate would drop ten per cent before noon. By next Monday it would go down fifty per cent."

That evening was the first and last time I ever saw the venerable Robert Collyer. But ever since I saw him I have let but few pieces of printed matter with his name attached pass unread. I regard him as a most unique character. His resemblance to another very eminent divine who was credited with some heretical leanings has often been noted—I mean Henry Ward Beecher. I read some years back that on a very warm day a lady confronted Dr. Collyer in Central Park, New York City, who was carrying his hat in his hand and wiping away the perspiration from his brow, and stroking back his stately white locks, whereupon the lady shrieked, "Mr. Beecher." "I hope Beecher is in a cooler place than this," replied the witty "blacksmith parson."

I heard of one instance when it didn't work out quite so favorably to Dr. Collyer to be recognized as when the policeman paid the bootblack. I have this at first hand from a man who perpetrated a practical joke on the famous preacher. The man who told me this said he was on a crowded train somewhere out West, and recognized Dr. Collyer among the passengers who were fortunate enough to have seats. He recognized him by having heard him preach many times in Davenport, Iowa, but was not acquainted with him. After standing up till well nigh exhausted, this man says he called out, "Is there a man in this car by the name of Robert Collyer?" "Yes, sir, that is my name," responded the reverend gentleman. "You are wanted in the baggage car," said the man who had asked the question. The preacher hastily departed for the baggage car—and the other man took his seat.

In after years I came to be personally acquainted with Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, and heard him preach quite a few times in McVicker's. By that time there had come to be no distinct lines between so-called orthodoxy and so called heresy. These lines had so faded out as to leave at most only a kind of "twilight zone" between them. I asked a Methodist brother along about this time, if Dr. Thomas were preaching in the Methodist Episcopal Church today, could he be expelled for heresy? The answer was promptly and emphatically, "No."

Dr. Thomas greatly enjoyed his independence of ecclesiastical bonds, and ever sympathized with a minister who was in any degree hampered by over-zealous "heresy hunters" in his denomination. The present writer had once a little experience of this kind, and cherishes today a piece of paper in his letter file with the name of H. W. Thomas attached, expressing sympathy in his demand for "liberty of thought." A little later, when a guest at his table, he made this remark, in his peculiar drawl:

"I'm glad I'm out of it all (referring to the pursuit of "heresy hunters," of which he had been the victim in other years), and before I'd ever go back into it again I'd go out into the woods and stand up on a stump and talk to the woodpeckers."

Both my estemed fellow guests of "the cloth" at that dinner of a generation ago have gone to that invisible realm of which each could discourse so eloquently. And heresy hunting, meanwhile, has become practically a lost art. As we come to know the truth it is making us free.

COLUMBUS BRADFORD.

ART

Art's use; what is it but to touch the springs
Of nature? But to hold a torch up for
Humanity in Life's great corridor,
To guide the feet of peasants and of kings!
What is it but to carry union through
Thoughts alien to thoughts kindred, and to merge
The lines of color that should not diverge,
And give the sun a window to shine through!
What is it but to make the world have heed
For what its dull eyes else would hardly scan!
To draw in a stark light of shameless deed,
And show the fashion of a kingly man!
To cherish honor, and to smite all shame,
To lend hearts' voices, and give thoughts a name.

But wherein shall art work? Shall beauty lead
It captive, and set kisses on its mouth?
Shall it be strained unto the breast of youth,
And in a garden live where grows no weed?
Shall it, in dalliance with the flaunting world,
Play but soft airs, sing but sweet-tempered songs?
Veer lightly from the stress of all great wrongs,
And lisp of peace 'mid battleflags unfurled?
Shall it but pluck the sleeve of wantonness,
And gently chide the folly of our time?
But wave its golden want at sin's duress,
And say, "Ah me! ah me!" to fallow crime?
Nay; art serves Truth, and Truth, with Titan blows,
Strikes fearless at all evil that it knows.

—Gilbert Parker.

POEMS

There are possible poems everywhere.
They shine in the stars, they float in the breeze,
They roll in the rythmic, empurpled seas,
They fly on the wings of the storm-strung air.

They are sphered in the dew, they drop in the rain,
They hide in the forest, they run in the stream,
They leap out in fire, in icebergs they gleam,
They hang on the cliffs, they lie in the plain.

They quiver in aspens, they grow in the grass,
They are veiled in the violet and lost in the pool,
In grottoes they glimmer, secluded and cool;
In wild weedy waysides their images pass.

At nightfall they whisper, at dawning they sing;
At midnight they blazon their words on the sky;
At noonday they speak in a voice clear and high.
With their sweetness and glory the world-spaces ring.

For manifold nature has manifold tongues!
The snowflake hymns beauty as well as the star,
The cloud and the sun and the crystalline spar.
All nature is lyric with poems and songs.

Mrs. Merrill E. Gates.

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who did the injury.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

An Agriculturalist's View of Disarmament

There are strong indications that the Henry Ford Peace Expedition, considered as simply a press-joke-manufacturing agency, is losing at least its maximum efficiency. The most enthusiastic readers who have been convulsed with the epigrams and puns appearing in the funny man's column are beginning to realize that the jokes are becoming stale and very much attenuated.

On the other hand, along the lines of its initial legitimate functions, as conceived and attempted, the signs are not wanting that this expedition is gaining efficiency. These functions were stated by Mr. Ford in his telegrams of invitation to be as follows:

> The time has come for a few men and women with courage and energy, irrespective of the cost and personal inconvenience, money sacrifice and criticism, to free the good will of Europe that it may assert itself for peace and justice, with the strong probability that international disarmament can be accomplished.

"They are as yet few in number (to quote the Editor of UNITY) who believe that such an expedition will have much direct influence upon the war-maddened rulers of the belligerent countries; but we believe it will help to formulate the suppressed and undefined longing of all the peoples, and will have an effect upon the dreams, if not the acts, of all parties concerned in the miserable business."

All lovers of peace will be glad to note that our newspapers appear to be either themselves tired of the subject as a matter of daily jest, or, just possibly, they agree with the gentleman who was heard to express himself in a public place somewhat in this strain, "Aw, why don't the papers leave 'em alone. They ain't doing nobody no harm, and you can't never tell; they might wake us all up some morning and show us things. Anyway we all know they are dead honest old chaps and they won't try to pass off any 'phony' stuff on us."

Whatever may be the reason, many of the news items of late carry an unwonted air of dignity and convincingness that was lacking in the earlier reports. In many cases their own correspondence columns print letters dealing with the matter as a perfectly sane, sincere effort in the right direction. Even practical suggestions are not lacking as to the methods of working out the terrible problems confronted by all men and women pledged to universal peace through disarmament.

Among these is noted a pertinent thought expressed in a bulletin issued by the Agricultural Station of the great State of Illinois, and written by the Chief in Agronomy and Chemistry, who is a well known leader in agricultural teaching and writing, Professor Cyril G. Hopkins. Professor Hopkins treats the vital question of the proper treatment of Illinois soils in a masterly manner and closes with an economic plea embodying a world defense plan which is akin to the idea of international police protection of which the readers of UNITY have heard more or less. Plenty of people will be ready to echo the old, old wet-blanket of conservatism, "impractical!" But to parallel the old poet:

> 'Tis better to dream and to lose
> Than never to dream at all.

Here is Professor Hopkin's plan as set forth in Circular No. 181 of the Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station, on "How Not to Treat Illinois Soils:"

> Stop building national warships and coast defenses and unite the national navies of the world into an international or world navy to be controlled by a representative international commission or congress, and thus maintain world peace with world power; for not until the dawn of the millenium can we hope for permanent peace from sentiment and treaty. The union of all navies at the close of the present war into one international naval power for the preservation of permanent international peace should be less difficult of achievement than was the union of the states into the United States at a time when battles were sometimes fought a month after peace was declared. Surely nations may trust for justice to the wisdom and fairness of such a representative international congress, just as our states must trust our national Congress; and such a project should hasten the termination of the international war.
>
> When we take down our coast defenses and cease building warships for destruction, we may thereby save a quarter billion dollars a year, to be devoted so far as needed to agricultural investigation, instruction, extension and demonstration; to the encouragement and control of the production and transportation of limestone and phosphate, in order to insure the possible use of these basic materials where needed; and, if possible, to a sufficient control of markets and marketing to encourage production with reasonable profit, to discourage speculation in human food, and to prevent unreasonable expense and excessive profits by those who stand between producer and consumer.
>
> If Illinois were to receive her "share" of this quarter billion dollars, it could adequately endow a school within easy reach of every home in this great state, for the purpose of teaching the oncoming generations not only how not to treat Illinois soils, but how most economically to make them permanently richer and more productive, for the prosperity of all the people and to the honor of the commonwealth.

If this rosy dream of the Professor's is good for Illinois, it is just as good and just as practical for any other State in the Union; if it is good for the United States it is just as good and just as practical and possible for any other nation upon the face of this broad earth, which depends for its prosperity upon its agriculture—and what nation does not? A. L. K.

THE IMMORTALITY OF SONG.

The sculptor's work, the elements assail
In turn: Air, fire, water, heat and cold;
Whether they be of marble, bronze or gold,
His concepts just a space of years prevail;
The artist's bid for fame is far more frail,
With variant colors that so soon grow old;
And the composer's: for the years withhold
The meed to those outside the immortal pale.

But he, who essays to build the lofty rhyme
That tells of hope and faith and love and all
The varying passions of the human heart,
His place is secure against the shock of time;
Though countless dynasties may rise and fall,
His youth abides and never will depart.

Shelbyville, Ind. ALONZO RICE.

Booker Washington: American

Abstract of An Address by Dr. Stephen S. Wise, Before the Free Synagogue, New York City, Sunday Morning December 12th

Booker Washington might never have become a great leader of his people if General Armstrong had not possessed the courage of faith and vision, if Armstrong had not said to the men who sneered at his proposal to train negro youth that it is the business of America to translate the impossible into the possible. Booker Washington, sprung from a race of long-time slavery, was never without that humility which becomes greatness nor yet without that mighty passion for service which stamped him as a freeborn soul.

Washington was a great educator in that he never forgot that he was dealing with human material, that he was commissioned of God not so much to fill men's minds with knowledge as to help them to fulfill their own lives. He gave to his people something more precious than gold, the knowledge that the art of service and the part of leadership are complementary terms.

Washington dared to proclaim to his newly freed people that freedom was not a thing of fiat or proclamation but that it must be wrought out of their own souls. Statesman was he who sounded the note of service to a race which after centuries of oppression inevitably longed to hear its rights urged and stressed. He realized that hand in hand with every advance made his race must go a corresponding gain in the good-will of the white race. He deemed it the part of wisdom to stress rights less and to urge duties more. He was more concerned about the negro doing justice to himself than securing justice from the white race.

This great American taught our democracy a lesson which it needs to learn lest it cease to be. He taught us that the greatest thing in life is self-forgetful service. Drunk as we are with things, intoxicated as we are with the passion for self-satisfaction and self-aggrandizement, let us not forget the lesson taught by the life of this man in his quiet strength and fine dignity—how great a thing is the selfless service of a cause!

The statesmanship of Washington came to light in the way in which he spoke to his people ever of duties and rarely of rights. He taught that the way to prepare for the exercise of rights is through the meeting of duties. It is not fair to say of him that he overestimated the value of material progress. He felt in duty bound to shatter the "superstition of freedom," that freedom forsooth is something self-conserving, self-vitalizing, self-sufficing. He urged his people to plant their feet upon the ground—if possible their own ground—before they aspired to the skies.

It were almost better for the negro race to go on without the redemptive leadership of a single personality. It may be that the race leaned too much upon Washington... The race must cease to lean on any man or men if it would aspire to the dignity of self-reverence and self-reliance. The place of Booker Washington must be taken by his whole people. Let every son of his race remember that, while the world did not adjudge the negro race by Booker Washington, the whole race, alas, will be misjudged by reason of the misconduct of any of its children. Booker Washington could not make his race, but any wretch can undo the fortunes of his people.

Let the negro remember that the color line vanishes in the presence of real greatness. Let the negro ever bear in mind that, while an entire race cannot seek protection under the shadow of one great name or ten great names, a race like a man must stand upon its own feet and not upon the shoulders of a single man.

Booker Washington never whined. Instead of complaining because another man belittles you, let him complain because you have risen to greatness.

In the shadow of a nation's sorrow, let the white race vow that it will seek to be juster to Washington's race than it has even been before. It will not be easy; so much the more reason for launching the experiment of justice. This democracy will not be worthy to endure unless we command the art of absolute justice as between the peoples and faiths and races of America. The outward memorial to Booker Washington ought to embrace Hampton Institute which found him and Tuskegee which he founded, Hampton which discovered the great potentialities of his being, and Tuskegee which his great soul created. The inward memorial to Booker Washington lies in a renewed determination of the negro race to rise to the level of every opportunity and to hold fast to the memory of Washington. The inward memorial to Washington lies in a new and heretofore untried justness of attitude toward the negro in rememberoing that the negro is not a problem but a man, that the negro is not a racial question but a fellow-human to be accepted and honored in the spirit of that justness which is faith.

THE BATTLE OF BETHLEHEM STEEL; or, THE NEED FOR PREPAREDNESS.

(A Tale of the Ticker.)

A fort is taken, the papers say,
Five thousand dead in the murderous deal.
A victory? No, just another grim day.
But—up to five hundred goes Bethelehem Steel.

A whisper, a rumor, one knows not where—
A sigh—a prayer from a torn heart rent—
A murmur of Peace on the death-laden air—
But—Bethelehem Steel drops thirty per cent.

"We'll fight to the death," the diplomats cry.
"We'll fight to the death," sigh the weary men.
As the battle roars to the shuddering sky—
And—Bethlehem Steel has a rise of ten.

What matters the loss of a million men?
What matters the waste of blossoming lands?
The children's cry or the women's pain?
If—Bethlehem Steel at six hundred stands?

And so *we* must join in the slaughter-mill,
We must arm ourselves for a senseless hate,
We must waste our youths in the murder drill—
That Bethlehem Steel may hold its state.

—*Grace Isabel Colbron.*

Enthusiasm is the thing which makes the world go round. Without its driving power nothing worth doing has ever been done. Love, friendship, religion, altruism, devotion to career or hobby,—all these, and most of the other good things in life, are forms of enthusiasm. *Robert Haven Schauffler.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Some interesting correspondence emanating from the League for World Peace, through George H. Shibley, its president, to President Woodrow Wilson.

Dear Sir:

We venture to call your attention to the fact that the German government in its statement to Chancellor von Bethmann-Holweg on the 9th instant declared that it, too, insists as do the Allies that the terms of peace must provide that war shall not return. Here is an agreement by the warring powers which covers, as we show in the accompanying memorandum,* the two principal demands of the Allies, frequently reiterated since the first month of the war. There being this agreement on the principal issues in this horrible war the time has arrived, we believe, when a leading neutral power should invite the combatants to confer as to minor issues. You as the head of the United States government and with a splendid record for strict neutrality are doubtless the one who can best take the needed next step in the peace movement.

Yours for Peace with Justice

*MEMORANDUM AS TO PEACE TERMS.

The statement made by the German Chancellor as translated and published in the cable dispatch on December 9th is as follows:

"The war can be terminated only by a peace which will give the certitude that war will not return. We all agree about that. There lies and there will always lie the root of our strength."

The words "we all agree about that" emphasizes the fact that the point has been thoroughly weighed by the German Government. Recent statements on this subject by both the British and the French governments are as follows:

On the 9th of last month, in a speech at the Guildhall at a time when the tide of war was going against the Allies, the British Premier, Mr. Asquith, said:

"Be the journey long or short, we shall not falter until we have secured for the smaller states of Europe their charter of independence, and for Europe itself its final emancipation from a reign of force."

Eleven days earlier the new French Premier, M. Briand, stated that "permanent peace" must be the outcome.

These ideas of terminating "a reign of force" and thereby establish "permanent peace" are epoch-making. They mean no less than a demand by the Allies for the formation of the Federation of Europe, a Unified Europe, in place of the two warring camps and the group of neutral countries. The German Government accepts the idea, and there will be provided an European Supreme Court, in which every issue between the several states will be settled peaceably—war in Europe will be at an end; and quickly there will also be developed, undoubtedly, the Federation of the Americas, and the Federation of the World. War will be banished from this planet.

Under such a system the German State will be forever safe. The menace of Pan-Slavism will be terminated. All of the states of Europe will stand together as brothers. It will be the United States of Europe on the basis of equal rights—equal rights to home rule and upon the high seas and in the international court. There will be some kind of an administrative board, possessing legislative powers within very narrow limits, most of the legislative powers existing in the state parliaments. The rights and duties of the several states will be defined in an international constitution corresponding to our Federal Constitution. By thus marking out in a definite form the fundamental rights and duties of the European states, on the basis of equal rights, every government in Europe will gladly accept the system. In this way a considerable body of European law will forthwith be established, followed by gradual development both through legislation and judicial interpretation.

Furthermore, Germany will possess equal rights with Great Britain upon the high seas. The German aspiration in this direction will be realized. On the other hand, the British food supply will be secure. In France, the people being no longer compelled to put military preparedness first, will be able to restrict immigration and protect their high standard of living, gradually elevating it more and more.

In Russia a Liberal Duma will co-operate with the Liberal Nicholas in developing a Federal system, being freed from the need for sacrificing all else to military strength. The ballot should be narrowly restricted until the habit of self-government and the teaching of citizenship in the public schools shall have fitted the people for their next stage in human development. In this way the fatal errors in Revolutionary Socialism can be eradicated. Property rights must be respected. In our present stage of civilization human liberty is possible only in connection with a considerable volume of private capital and individual initiative, along with the keeping open of the channels for private initiative through prevention of private monopolies by combined action of human society.

The future of Belgium and Serbia will be as secure as that of Germany and of Great Britain. Being part of Unified Europe, no question of German political dominancy can arise, any more than the question of home rule in state affairs in Rhode Island is questioned. In a federation the small states are as sacredly protected in home rule autonomy as are the larger ones. But to whatever extent Unified Europe shall determine that goods shall thenceforth be shipped in bond through the several states that law will prevail. The general welfare will no longer be interfered with by the narrow self-interest of the independent states.

Another principle in the modern Federal State is that each community and province that differs from the others is warranted in asking for home rule in its own particular affairs. Thus Poland should be restored, as determined upon by both the German and the Russian governments. In Austria-Hungary the patchwork of nationalities should each be accorded home rule. To the extent that two or more nationalities are living within the same area they each can be accorded equal rights in language and religion, well knowing that gradually they will draw apart.

These principles and facts are set forth to demonstrate something of the far-reaching effects that will flow from the agreement by the warring powers that permanent peace shall be provided for in the peace terms. It follows that the open questions that remain are comparatively trivial. Such being the case the time has come for mediation. Continuance of human slaughter would be without an adequate purpose. The attainment of the next great step in civilization has been agreed to, the unification of Europe upon the basis of equal rights; to be followed by the unification of the Americas, and the unification of the world.

REPLY.

My Dear Sir:

Allow me to thank you for your letter of December 14th and to say that I have noted with the greatest interest the statement by Chancellor von Bethmann-Holweg, to which you refer, and that I am following the development of sentiment in Europe with regard to the war with the utmost sincere desire to be of service.

Very truly yours,

———.

Copies of this and the preceding letter and memorandum were promptly delivered to official representatives of the warring powers located here at Washington.

George H. Shibley,
President League for World Peace.

I believe that this war, like all wars for many centuries in Europe, was brought about by governments, without the connivance and against the desires and interests of peoples; that it is a calamity to civilization unequaled, unexampled, perhaps irremediable; and that the only good that can come out of it is a clearer comprehension by ordinary men and women of how wars are brought about, and a determination on their part to put a stop to them.

G. Lowes Dickinson.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

AMERICA STIRRED BY ARMENIAN ATROCITIES.

(Reprinted from the *Japan Gazette*, November 3. 1915.)

Dear Sir:

Will you kindly publish a letter I have received from Dr. James L. Barton of Boston? It is dated October 6th and reads thus:

"I thank you for your favor of September 8th, with enclosures, and hasten to say that America has been deeply and profoundly stirred through the organization in New York of an important Committee, organized for the defence of the Armenians so far as they are able to achieve it, and for raising funds. The Committee was organized a week ago, and we have cabled something like $100,000 this week to Mr. Morgenthau for relief purposes.

"I enclose a statement which this Committee has put out to the press, and which on Monday of this week was widely published throughout the length and breadth of the United States. It has stirred a tremendous feeling of protest, and the President is hearing from it through thousands of telegrams that are pouring in upon him from all parts of the country. This material that I am sending you is taken from the highest authorities, which of course we are compelled to conceal, for reasons that you will well understand."

The "Report of Committee on Armenian Atrocities" was published, as the letter says, in American papers of Monday, October 4th. The Committee consists of the following names: Charles R. Crane, Samuel T. Dutton, Cleveland H. Dodge, Arthur C. James, Stephen S. Wise, Frank Mason North, John R. Mott, Stanley White, H. G. Bennevan, James L. Barton, William Sloane, William I. Haven, George A. Plimpton, Karl Davis Robinson, Frederick Lynch, Norman Hapgood, and others.

The Report, which the Committee publishes after, as asserted, having made "careful and extensive investigation," is very lengthy and contains the usual list of Turkish horrors. I call them the usual Turkish horrors, for they are nothing new under the sun; they have been going on ever since powerful Europe came forward to protect, support and assist the Turk, and prop up decaying Turkish sovereignty in the countries that the Turk had robbed. Periodical explosions like what are going on now have had their stated times during the last hundred years whenever circumstances have favored explosions. The American Committee concludes its report by the following observation:

"The crimes now being perpetrated upon the Armenian people surpass in their horror anything that history has recorded during the past thousand years."

This is perfectly true; for this time German thoroughness of organization has been added to the ghastliness of Turkish cruelties. It is known that Enver is in the pay of the Kaiser, also Talaat and Djevad; the trio are only filling their pockets whilst Germany is in possession of Constantinople. In April of this year German spies destroyed the arsenal in Russia and blew up an ammunition train, and since the only supply of ammunition the Armenians could possibly have came from Russia, our invading forces were left without fighting material against the Krupp guns and Mauser rifles. It was a part and plan of the German scheme, so when our defenceless people were left without help the Turkish army and Kurd cavalry fell upon them and destroyed them.

It is Enver's boast that he has destroyed more Armenians in thirty days than Abdul Hamid succeeded in destroying in thirty years; but we Armenians know that the extermination of our people on the soil of our country is only the sequel of Europe's support of the Turk; without that support both Turk and Turkish horrors would have been ended long ago.

For nineteen hundred years Christianity maintained itself in Armenia under the fell hand of European jealousies and rivalries came to root it out in our country. Now we must begin the work of planting it again, for we Armenians are a people who never say die; the genius of our nation knows how to steady its faith and live. Had we not known how to do this we would have passed into the oblivion of history with our contemporary nations and not have survived to the present day.

To Europe belongs the honor of having made the greatest crime in history possible; the destruction of a four-thousand-year-old nation on the soil of a four-thousand-year-old country.

Turks and Huns have said to one another: "These are the heirs; come let us kill them and cast them out that the inheritance may be ours," but Armenians are confident that they will overcome Huns and Turks.

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Armenia has peopled the city of God with saints and angels; therefore God will again people Armenia with Armenians.

Such is our faith, and in our faith we live.

Yours truly,

Diana Agabeg Apcar.

Yokohama, Nov. 3, 1915.

IMMIGRATION CONFERENCE.

The National Americanization Committee announces a conference on Immigration and Americanization, to be held in Philadelphia on Wednesday, January 19, and Thursday, January 20, 1916.

The conference will deal with the following subjects: Citizenship; education for adult immigrants; housing; American standards of living in immigrant communities; and the immigrant in industry. It is the purpose of the conference to discuss economic and social preparedness, which include the pressing need of internal unity, of common standards and common ideals in language, in citizenship, in social and industrial life, rather than questions of restriction and of military preparedness or defense.

The National Americanization Committee believes that one of the greatest values in the conference will be the meeting together of persons and of organizations that are now carrying on the practical work of Americanization in many directions. It is possible that such a conference may be of service to organizations in carrying on their own work and that it may facilitate local work in various communities.

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1800 N. Crawford Ave., Belmont 3456

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1769 Milwaukee Ave., Humboldt 357
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Kenton and Park Ave. Austin 37

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18th Place and Western Ave. Canal 500

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61st St. and Blackstone Ave. [Wash. Ave.] Hyde Park 131
34th St. and Racine Ave. Yards 890
35th and Normal Ave. Yards 2841
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47th and Normal Ave. Yards 632
59th and Wallace Sts. Wentworth 1076
54th St. and Lake Ave. Midway 3456